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VOLUME 3

WINNIPEG, MANITOBA, APRIL 1947

NUMBER 7

Easter at Lundar

By RUNOLFUR MARTEINSSON

The weather was cold, but the sun was shining. I hope the Sun of Righteousness was admitted to the hearts of the worshippers. We had two services that day in the Lutheran Church: an Icelandic service in the afternoon and an English service in the evening. It was a kindness to us that the Federated Church there did not have a service that day. The attendance was satisfactory. For the Icelandic service the church was practically filled. In the evening we were pleased to see lovely groups of young people, men and women. Members of last springs confirmation class, attended, possibly just as many as had any opportunity to be there. Some of them were present at both services. It filled us with joy to see them. God bless their young lives.

The message of the afternoon service was "opened eyes" ("their eyes were opened"). In the evening it was "The song: Christ is risen from the dead." Oh, that the eyes of all people might be opened so that they were able to see and know the risen Christ. And, oh Lord, put the song of Christian victory into every heart.

Lundar has great possibilities for a strong Icelandic Lutheran preacher and pastor. There is a harvest to glean there for the right man.

A lady school teacher from that district said to me: "Why don't the young men come forward to offer themselves for the work? If I was a man, that work would be my choice."

The choir, under the direction of Mr. F. Sigurdson, rendered the hymns in good style.

I was present at the Sunday School. Miss Pauline Johnson is the superintendent, but she was not well that day. Attendance was fair. A high school girl was in charge, and everything moved on smoothly.

THE ICELANDIC SINGERS

An Appreciation.

By W. L. T. PATTERSON.

(EDITOR'S NOTE:—The writer of this article is the Pastor of the Presbyterian Church, Cavalier, N.D., and was, prior to going to Cavalier in 1944, Pastor of the United Church, Sturgeon Creek, Winnipeg for 11 years. His daughter, Evelyn, is married to Hans Owen Hanson, son of Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Hanson, a pioneer Icelandic family, now residing at McCreary, Manitoba, and well known at Mountain, N.D.)

"Man does not live by bread alone." This truth, so often spoken with little regard to its meaning was well exemplified on a recent Saturday evening when an audience that filled the Cavalier Civic Auditorium gathered to hear the aggregation known as The Icelandic Singers. One's first reaction to the announcement of the forth-coming visit was that the price of admission was unusually high. But it soon began to dawn upon one, that, that which enlarges the soul, and gives evidences of beauty can never be too highly priced.

Many years ago I had the opportunity to learn music, but I did not take advantage of it. I have often regretted it, yet there are times when I think one can more fully appreciate that which is not technically understood, because of the effect it has upon his whole being. I am not a carpenter, but I know if a table is made correctly. I do not understand the Paternosters and the genuflexions of my Episcopal and Romanist brethren but that does not prevent me from worshipping with them at times. Likewise I do not understand what music is, its nuances, the difference between a crescendo and a diminuendo, to be able to say with Abe Vogler, "Tis we musicians know", but that does not debar me from enjoying to the full the beautiful

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27

things that God has provided for me. A famous philosopher has said, "If I had two pennies, I would spend one for bread, and the other for the flower of the narcissus." The coming of the Icelandic Singers did just that. It is true that most of the numbers I could not understand, (and I think that my Icelandic friends must have had a field day- or night-) and I soon gave up trying to synchronize the English text to the music, for those of us 'who speak the tongue that Shakespeare spoke' had a hard time to make it all out. But music knows no clime or race. It is the one universal language, and the only thing that makes articulate the experience of the soul. So, though most of the language was foreign to me, my whole being rejoiced as we were lifted out of the mundane to the spiritual. Who could fail to be moved by the matchless cadences of the "Kyrie Eleison," or the majesty of the "Ave Maria"? I have heard an announcer say, "Here's 'hot' music from the South," and it left me cold. But here was a body of men from a land, the very mention of its name will give one the shivers, who brought that which warmed the heart, and gave a glow to the soul. From grave to gay, and from gay back to grave we were carried and we all thrilled to the 'Meow' of the cat, the longing of "My Old Kentucky Home", the sweet assurances of "My Curly Headed Baby", or the flow of "The Blue Danube." One thing these gentlemen gave us was a sense of their realization of the dignity of their performance. There was something rich about the presentation of their numbers that could only come as a result of constant practice and a high recognition of their task.

In this writing I have made no attempt to analyze their performance. If I did that, I should be assuming a position that I could not possibly hold, but I can write of it as it affected me.

There are times when I think that applause can be out of place. We can often say more by the abundance of much silence than by

speaking. I am reminded of something that fixed itself upon my mind when I was quite young. It was then my good fortune to hear the famous contralto, the late Dame Clara Butt in one of her recitals. At the close of a very long repertoire, she came out to sing the last number. It was the one with which she always closed her concerts. A hush fell upon the audience, then it instinctively rose to its feet and remained standing while she sang Liddle's "Abide With Me." When it was over, the audience moist eyed, and with uplifted soul silently merged into the night outside. Applause would have been unseemly, if not sacrilegious. That is how I felt at the conclusion of the "Kyrie" and the "Ave Maria" that Saturday night.

I am reminded also of the story of the outfitting of a party of men who were to explore the Antarctic. Among their equipment was a number of copies of the recording of Liddle's "Abide With Me" sung by Clara Butt. I have often tried to visualize these men, in their lonely tent in the ice-bound regions, not knowing what fate had for them, sending out over the icy wastes, "I fear no foe with Thee at hand to bless," and as I have thought of them, I have taken heart again, and hope has revived.

What I am trying to say, brokenly I fear, is, just that happened to us that Saturday night. These gentlemen were a benison to us, and may their "bow abide in strength."

While nothing produces satiety so quickly as rich fare, we should welcome a return visit from these gentlemen. To their gifted conductor, the efficient pianist, the inspiring soloists, the excellent chorus, and the sponsors of the program, we say, "Thank you".



THE CHURCH'S WELCOME

The Church swings open wide its doors,
Its message and its song outpours
In flowing strain and sacred tongue
To the listening ear.
The Church of Crist—not built with hands
Through ages everlasting stands,
Its Spirit breathing on the heart
Its Life, that we might live.
Its Sanctuary pure and fair
By Love endowed will us prepare
Of Peace partake and Grace receive
and Holy benediction.
Though weary be the way of life
Amidst the throngs and this world's strife
The Church of Christ its welcome gives
For its Founder lives.

A MEMBER.

NOTES from OUR PARISHES

NEWS FROM VANCOUVER

By LILLIAN SUMARLIDASON

Miss Margaret Sigmar of Seattle visited her parental home over the Easter week-end. Her aunt, Mrs. Eastvold, also attended the Good Friday service returning to Seattle the next day, by car.

Miss Emily Bardal, of Seattle spent the Easter holiday in Vancouver, renewing acquaintances with friends and visiting relatives.

Mr. Thor Gudmundson, whose former home was in Red Deer, Alberta, is on a short visit to that district, visiting relatives and friends.

The Attendance Plan of the Sunday School is meeting with good response by the pupils, who are looking forward to the summer outing, when the rewards will be made. Mr. and Mrs. B. Goodman, of Mozart, Sask., were visiting the school, when their son, Johnny, joined the class of young boys.

The Luther League has continued regular meetings during the month of April. At the meeting at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Carl Finnbogason two new members were added: Miss Elsie Finnbogason and Miss Doris LaVassur.

At a short meeting after church, April 20th, Miss Emily Polson was welcomed into the group.

Rev. Dr. Sigmar has undertaken the pastor's duties for the Redeemer Lutheran Church during the absence of the regular pastor, Rev. Hartig, who is attending a convention in Winnipeg. Besides conducting the regular services, April 13th and 20th, he also performed a marriage ceremony.

An interesting visitor to Vancouver, from Iceland is Bjorg, Adalsteinsdottir, who as a graduate nurse, is taking a short special course in nursing at the General Hospital. Flying from New York to the Pacific coast, Miss Bjorg came to visit her mother's parents and other relatives at Prince Rupert. While in Vancouver, she is the guest of her uncle, Mr. J. Kristmanson of 3258 Cambridge.

An enjoyable evening was arranged by the Icelandic Society, "Strondin" on April 17th, to raise funds for the Old Folk's Home. The musical selections were given by Miss Margaret Sigmar. Elias Breidfjord and Mr. Walter Johnson, of Blaine, Wash. were present and gave several solos and duets. Speeches were given by Rev. Albert Kristjanson, of Blaine, Dr. P. B. Guttormson and Dr. Sigmar. The Ladies of Strondin served lunch. An auction of a nicely

decorated cake was sold to the highest bidder, Mr. Ofeigur Sigurdson.

At the Sunday evening service on April 20th, a beautiful duet, 'I am the Resurrection and The Life' was sung by the Misses Margaret Sigmar and Lenora Axdal, accompanied by Mr. Stefan Solvason. After the service, the W. A. held a short meeting to make further plans for the tea and musical being given in the lovely new Sigurdson home on Hudson St. May 7th.



The Seattle Parsonage.

Rev. Dr. and Mrs. Sigmar motored to Seattle on Tuesday, April 16th, where the former officiated at a dedication ceremony of the new parsonage of the Calvary Lutheran Church. They report a pleasant trip and an excellent service. It was estimated that some eighty or ninety persons attended the service which was followed by a social hour when the resident pastor's wife, Mrs. H. S. Sigmar, assisted by several members and friends served a delightful lunch.

(Continued on Page 5)

NEWS FROM MOUNTAIN, N.D.

By MRS. JOHN P. HILLMAN

"Parish Messenger" readers may be certain that there are innumerable news items of interest from Dakota even though few have found their way to the publishers. I only wish I were capable of relating them in an interesting manner so that many could enjoy them!

Rev. Fafnis' parish is very active and much more is happening than I'll be able to relate.

Just now interest is focused on moving the Mountain Church — a short distance — where a basement is being built. Today (April 23) there was a large crew of men working there pouring cement, and in about 8 hours time the basement was finished. Much credit is due the committee for excellent preparation, for everything was at hand for the big task. All have

worked earnestly and diligently — even our minister has pitched in and worked with the rest of them.

Mrs. Fafnis and several ladies in town are to be thanked for delicious lunches served the men while they have been working there.

To swell the church fund a cast of characters put on a play "Happid" and so far have shown it at Mountain, Svold and Gardar for capacity audience.

Those taking part are these:

Hallur, hreppstjori	Mr. H. B. Grimson
Valgerdur, dottir hans	Mrs. W. K. Halldorson
Helgi radsmadur	Mr. Joseph Anderson
Grima	Mrs. S. F. Steinolfson

Kristin, radskona	Mrs. F. A. Bjornson
Gunnar, kennari	Mr. Leo S. Hillman
Sigga, vinnukona	Mrs. W. H. Hannesson

Each one performed without any criticism, a perfect role and are to be congratulated on their venture. Rev. Fafnis coached the play — the explanations he gave before the curtain fent up were so vivid one could imagine himself in the "badstofa" of an Icelandic home.

"Sumardagssamkoma" is scheduled for Gardar on Thursday evening where a fine program is to be given.

Mrs. Ragnar H. Ragnar is coaching an Icelandic play featuring the "Alfadans." There will be musical numbers as well as speeches.

DEACON FOR FIFTEEN YEARS



BERTHA NICHOLSON

At the last annual meeting of the First Lutheran Church, Mrs. Bertha Nicholson, of 557 Agnes Street, rounded out full fifteen years in the service of the congregation as a deacon. In that capacity she has been an untiring and energetic worker, and has acquired a host of friends. Mrs. Nicholson is a life long resident of the City of Winnipeg, and has long been known, as was her mother before her, for her kindness and genuine friendliness. Herbert, her husband died in 1929, but she has four children, all of them now married. They are Mrs. Helen Smith, and Robert of Winnipeg, Mrs. Kathleen Finley, of Hamilton, Ontario, and Mrs. Thelma Forester of Vancouver, B. C.

In point of time, only two men have exceeded Mrs. Nicholson's record as deacons, in the

F. L. C. Mr. S. O. Bjerring who served in that capacity for more than twenty-five years, and Mr. W. H. Olson who has at least twenty years to his credit on the Deacon's Board.

During the first quarter of 1947, Mrs. Helga Johnston was employed by the Board of Deacons of the Church as a special personal worker. She visited a very large number of homes in the city, to encourage attendance at church and Sunday School. As a result of the Deacon's work 62 persons joined the congregation at a special service held on the evening of April 27th. At this service which was held in English, the Pastor spoke on "What the Early Christians Did," emphasizing that they continued steadfastly in the Apostle's doctrine, and fellowship and in prayer. Music was rendered by a joint choir under the direction of the organist Mr. H. J. Lupton. Social fellowship was enjoyed in the lower auditorium following the service, where Mr. A. G. Eggertson, K. C., Chairman of the Board of Deacons, welcomed the new members.

According to a custom of long standing, the Senior Aid sponsored a concert in the Church on the First Day of Summer, April 24th. The program which consisted of choral selection by the Senior Choir, vocal solo by Elmer Nordal, a cello solo by Harold Jonasson, and an address by Heimir Thorgrimsson, was well attended. Refreshments were served after the program.

The Men's Club has been active during the winter season, at their meeting on March 25th set an all-time record for attendance. Over a hundred men were seated at the tables in the lower auditorium of the church that night. It was truly an inspiring sight. What a tremendous power such a group could exert if they decided to take on some special project for the church. The officers of the Club this year are: Harold Sigurdson, Adolph Johannson, and Paul Finnbgason.

(Continued from Page 3)

The Easter season was observed in the Vancouver Lutheran Church by two services. On Good Friday, the choir presented the beautiful cantata, *The Darkest Hour*, to an appreciative congregation. The spoken selections of this pre-Easter story were read by the pastor, Rev. Dr. Sigmar, while the voice of the narrator was ably sung by Mrs. H. Sigmar. The sacred words as spoken by our Lord were reverently sung by Mr. L. H. Thorlakson, while Miss Margaret Sigmar and Mrs. P. B. Guttormsson capably sang the remaining solos and duet.

Under the musicianly training of Mr. Stefan Solvason, the choir had shown a progressive improvement, so the members felt rewarded for the many evenings spent in rehearsal.

On Easter Sunday, the cantata, with additional Easter music was again presented to perhaps one of the largest congregations ever seen in the church. Short sermons in English and Icelandic were given by the pastor, who also conducted a baptismal service the same afternoon. The infant daughter of Dr. and Mrs. B. T. H. Marteinsson received the names of Emily Ann. God-parents were Dr. and Mrs. H. Smith and Miss Emily Bardal.

Ellen Mary were the names given to the baby daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Bogi Sigurdson of 2030 Kingsway, New Westminster. The god-parents were Mr. and Mrs. W. Kitziel.

Under the convenership of Mrs. O. Bjornson, the W.A. served a delightful lunch to the entire congregation which assembled in the lower hall after the service. Suitable flowers and candles decorated the tables. Our thanks are given to these willing workers who so efficiently provided for us during this social hour.

Lovely singing of duets by the two cousins, both named Margaret Sigmar, added to the joy of the day. Mr. Solvason accompanied at the piano.

Mr. Herb. Sigurdson, as president of the Luther League, made formal presentation of the money donations of his co-workers to the Building Fund and to the Old Folk's Home. These two gifts were suitably accepted by the respective presidents, Mr. L. H. Thorlakson, and Mr. G. F. Gislason.

Another good friend of the congregation, Mr. Ofeigur Sigurdson, also made a generous free-will gift to the church funds. The pastor and the members offer grateful thanks for these and many other gifts.

Many visitors were noticed in the large gathering; Mr. O. Ogmundson, from Nanaimo,

Mr. Alli Horgdal, from Blaine, Wash., and Dr. and Mrs. J. P. Palsson, who were en route from Calgary to Victoria, B.C. While in the city they were guests of the former's sister, Mrs. W. G. Barrett, 1830 McNicoll Ave.

Mrs. Jonina Johnson and her committee wish to thank those friends who answered the appeal for names for the *Satin Bedspread*, and *Organ Fund*. We express the wish that when the organ has become a reality, and when these friends visit Vancouver, they may enjoy seeing and hearing the instrument they helped to purchase.

Married, on April 3rd, at the home of the pastor, Dr. Sigmar, Miss Barbara Helga Tye, and Mr. Magnus Louis Joel. They will make their home in Vancouver at 1182 Thurlow St.

Miss Laura Egilson and Mr. Cameron Aitkin were joined in the holy bonds of matrimony on Sat. April 19th, with Dr. H. Sigmar the officiating clergyman.

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SYNOD MEETING AT MOUNTAIN JUNE 13—17

June 13th, 7:30—

Opening service at Mountain, with Rev. Olafsson preaching the sermon—*Communion-Redication* of the church and possibly the organ, if it will have been installed by then.

June 14th, 9—12—

Sessions, beginning with President's report, which is to be available on the previous evening in a printed or mimeographed form.

Sessions also from 1:30—5:30. All sessions in Church at Hallson.

8 p.m. Address by Secretary Reinartz with music.

SUNDAY AT MOUNTAIN:

11 a.m. Ordination Service—Eric Sigmar and Arthur Hanson will be ordained.

3 p.m. Services in other six churches,

8 p.m. Youth Rally—Speakers: The newly ordained ministers.

Monday, June 16th—

Sessions at Gardar or Mountain (to be decided locally).

8 p.m.—

Rev. R. Marteinsson (Special feature).

Tuesday, 9—12—Session at Vidalin Church and close of Synod.

2—Mountain Park Fellowship sponsored by "Baran."

DIAMOND ANNIVERSARY

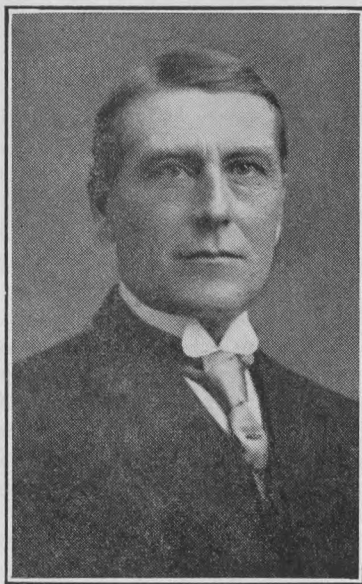


MRS. C. P. PAULSON

On March 16th last, there gathered at the home of Mr. and Mrs. C. P. Paulson at Gimli, about sixty of their relatives and friends, to observe their sixtieth wedding anniversary. This gathering was sponsored by the Gimli Lutheran Ladies Aid, but Mrs. Paulson is one of its founders and charter members.

The festivities commenced with a short devotion conducted by the local pastor, the Rev. Skuli Sigurgeirsson. The Rev. Runolfur Mar-teinson of Winnipeg, who also was present, spoke reminiscently and with great appreciation of the loyal support which the honored couple gave the church and congregation at Gimli, during his pastorate there, which covered the first decade of the century. He also spoke of the blessings which they had enjoyed during the sixty years of married life.

Numerous telegrams and messages of congratulations were read from friends at nearby



MR. C. P. PAULSON

and distant points. Among these was a telegram from His Majesty King George VI, and another from the Honourable Mr. R. F. McWilliams, Lieutenant-Governor of Manitoba.

Among those present were: Mrs. Violet Ingaldson, their daughter, the widow of the late Ingimar Ingaldson, M.L.A. and her children Christian, Valdine and Andrea, and their spouses; their son, Gordon, a Winnipeg lawyer, and Magnea his wife.

The Paulsons have been excellent community workers. For decades Mrs. Paulson worked with great faithfulness in the Sunday School, the Ladies Aid, and was for many years the organist of the Gimli Church. She has also often represented the congregation at the meetings of Synod. Mr. Paulson has long since been recognized as citizen of ability, initiative and leadership.

(By Courtesy of Logberg)

SUNRISE LUTHERAN CAMP PROGRAM FOR THE SUMMER 1947

Twenty-third Annual Convention of the Lutheran Women's League.

June 22nd, 23rd and 24th.

Sunday School Teachers' Rally—

June 27th, 28th and 29th.

Senior Group—(young people above confirmation age).

July 2nd—11th.

Junior Boys, 7 to 14 years of age—

July 12th—23rd.

Ministers' Retreat—

July 24th—28th.

Mothers with children under 6 years—

July 29th—August 5.

Junior Girls—August 6th—15th.

Undecided—August 16th—26th.

Mrs. S. O. Thorlaksson, of Berkeley, Cal. who early this winter suffered the misfortune of a broken leg, writes in a News Letter, published by her husband, the Rev. S. O. Thorlaksson under date of March 20th as follows:

All our friends have been so good to me that I can truthfully say that this experience of broken leg has not been altogether painful. In fact, there have been so many bright spots, pleasant letters and happy visits, that I know I shall look back on these months with considerable pleasure. I am now wearing a new cast, after an x-ray which proved to our Doctor that the broken bones have set beautifully and are healing 100%. We too, are happy! My only regret is that I will still be so useless when we move next month into the 22nd home, since we were married 31 years ago. How I would love to get a paint can in one hand and wield the brush with the other! And not to be able to get at the rehanging of the curtains is going to be a real hardship! . . . I want to welcome you, one and all, as soon as possible, to our new home, and thank you in person for your many tokens and expressions of love."

Just in case . . . the Thorlakssons now live at 1152 Laurel Street, Berkeley 8, California.



I LIVE AND I KNOW

From the Icelandic of Stefan Thorarensen.

Translation by J. H. Frost.

(Melody: Eg lifi og eg veit—270)

I live and I know how long is my stay,
I live for the Father's voice harking,
I live till He peacefully leads me away,
I live as a voyager, from day to day,
Awaiting the call for embarking.

I die, and I know when to death I attain,
I die at the time for accounting,
I die when removal by death is a gain,
And death, bringing welcome release from pain
Will lead to eternity's fountain.

I travel and know my journey doth tend
Toward Heaven, the home of the blessed
I journey until with my Saviour and Friend
I stand where all sorrow of parting shall end,
Where those who are weary are rested.

My life is today in the Lord, and I sight,
A life beyond earthly probation;
I am now on my way to eternal delight,
Why should not my soul be on rapture's hight?
I now have eternal salvation.

WHAT PLAYING CARDS MEANT TO A SOLDIER

Once upon a time a soldier entered a church in Copenhagen, where he found a comfortable seat, took a deck of playing cards out of his pocket and stared at them with rapt attention. A sergeant, who sat nearby, ordered the soldier to put the cards in his pocket, but the soldier pretended not to hear him, and stared at the cards with even greater attention than before.

When the service was over, the sergeant waited outside for the soldier, and brought him before the captain and reported the incident. The captain ordered the soldier to explain his conduct in the church, and he said: "I have never offended either God or men with my cards."

"That is no answer," said the captain. "You must explain your conduct if you would escape punishment."

Then the soldier replied: "In my youth I was never taught how to read, and therefore books are of no value to me. Therefore I bought myself a deck of cards. When I see an ace, I know that there is only one God, who has created heaven and earth; when I see a second ace, I am reminded that God has two natures, a divine and a human; a third ace tells me that there are three persons in the Trinity, the Father, the Son and the Holy Spirit; the fourth ace reminds me that there are four gospels in the Bible, Matthew, Mark, Luke and John; the five spot reminds me of five parables of our Lord; the six spot that there are six work days in a week; the seven spot that the seventh day is a holiday; the eight spot that there were eight people saved in Noah's ark; the nine spot that Jesus healed ten lepers, and that nine of them were ungrateful; the ten spot tells me of the ten commandments which were given through Moses on Mt. Sinai.

At this point he took the jack of clubs, and put it aside with the remark that it was no good. "The other three Jacks," he continued, "are the three soldiers who crucified Jesus on Good Friday. The four Queens, the mother of Jesus, and the women who showed her the way to the tomb on Easter morning. The four Kings, Herod and the three wise men from the East who came to search for Jesus and found him in Bethlehem. Furthermore, there are twelve face cards in a deck of cards, and the same number of months in a year. There are fifty-two cards, and the same number of weeks in the year. There are four colors and the same number of seasons in the year. The clubs signify the cross of Christ; spades his grave; diamonds the four

corners of a church, and hearts that we ought to go to church with sincerity and great joy. There you have my explanation, my dear captain."

Then the captain said: "You have not told me anything about the jack of clubs, surely that card must have its significance like all the others, tell me therefore something about that one."

"I shall gladly do that," said the soldier, "provided you promise me beforehand not to punish me."

Having received the assurance that he would not be punished, the soldier continued: "This card means Judas, who betrayed Christ, and I will liken him to the sergeant who reported me to the captain."

The sergeant blushed and walked away, but the captain gave the soldier ten kroner in reward for his explanation, and said: "I have known many a card enthusiast, but such an explanation of playing cards I have never heard before."

Translated from the Danish in
"Dansk Kirkehilsen", April, 1946.

O, BLESSED HOUR

*From the Icelandic of Matthias Jochumsson.
Translation by J. H. Frost.*

(Melody: Hve saelt hvert hus—No. 274)

O, Blessed Hour, when from our mortal vision
The mist is lifted, and before our sight
A glorious and eternal day has risen,
And floods our path with rays of heavenly light.

O, Blessed Hour, when wounds are stilled, when
healing

Of all our many ills at last is done,
And Sorrow's tears to Love divine appealing
Have all been dried by beams from Mercy's sun.

O, Blessed Hour, exempt from sinful longing,
When Death's sharp lance lies broken and
destroyed,

And ransomed spirits heavenly vistas thronging
Have joy and peace forever unalloyed.

O, Blessed Hour, when in the realms of glory,
With friends once loved I am allowed to stay,
And we converse about our earthly story,
Which like a shadow, then has passed away.

Grant me, dear Lord, 'mid trials and in sorrow
The guidance of this hope in coming years,
That from its promise I may ever borrow
Courage and strength to smile through all my
tears.

CHRISTIAN SOLDIERS

"After all this talk about helping the veteran find himself, it's about time somebody rehabilitated the folks back home. We think there is quite a lot of fighting still to be done before we and our children can have a future which measures up to our yardstick. We think a church with fewer members AWOL offers a solution. We know that while the church may not have all the answers, it has some of them."

This militant mouthful was spoken by ex-Captain Charles Killian Woltz, 32, on behalf of a team of 50 Lutheran war veterans in Richmond, Va. It all began in a veterans' Sunday school class, which soon turned into a weekly bull session on the state of the world judged by Christian standards. Like most honest men, the ex-G.I.s found the world's state parlous. They decided to do something about it. Church attendance was poor—an average 280 per service out of a confirmed membership of almost 1,000. The veterans' plan: to jog their neighbors back to churchgoing.

Divided into 25 pairs, equipped with orange-&-black arm bands labeled "G:I: Lutheran Team," they spent three weeks last month calling on each of the 600 families represented in the congregation. They pointed out to AWOL church members that though times are dark, if more people went to church, things might get brighter. Most Sunday stay-at-homes promised to mend their ways; only one family gave the G.I.s a complete brushoff.

This month, to check results, church ushers began passing out attendance cards for members of the congregation to sign. The first Sunday showed notable improvement: a congregation of 510—70% above the average. Last Sunday's tally stood at 545. In the next month, those who are still AWOL will receive another call from the Lutheran G.I.s.

Amiable, soft-spoken Chairman Woltz, who was onetime editor of the University of Virginia's famed Law Review, and commanded a Negro anti-aircraft battery in the Pacific, is also campaigning to reform Richmond's antiquated city government. Said he last week: "We are determined not to be just another Sunday-school class. We definitely want some action and are going to keep doing something."

—"TIME"

Know well my soul,
God's hand controls
Whate'er thou fearest;
Round Him in calmest music rolls
Whate'er thou hearest.

My Soul and I